

*"my stretch in  
the Service"*

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ALEXANDER J. MOZZER

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SECOND EDITION

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## THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,  
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,  
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,  
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming  
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,  
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.  
Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

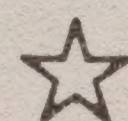


On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,  
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,  
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,  
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?  
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,  
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream.  
'Tis the star-spangled banner; oh, long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!





And where is that band who so vauntingly swore  
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion  
A home and a country should leave us no more?  
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution  
No refuge could save the hireling and slave  
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave:  
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!



Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand  
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation;  
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land  
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation!  
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,  
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"  
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave,  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!



“I pledge allegiance to the Flag  
of the United States of America  
and to the Republic for which it  
stands, one nation indivisible,  
with liberty and justice for all.”









PASTE

PHOTO

HERE



NAME \_\_\_\_\_

SERIAL NUMBER

PERMANENT ADDRESS

## ORGANIZATION

on detached service From 1st Field Hosp.  
44th Gen. Hosp. Finchhafen, New Guinea.  
10th Station " Milne Bay, " "  
Base Section #2 Dispensary, Townsville, Queensland.  
Sub Disp. D. " " " " Australia  
12th Station Hosp. Townsville, Australia  
13th " " " " "  
Base Surgeon Office on DS. Garbutt Field  
and Bomb Squadron.  
18th Mobile Unit, Tolhens Creek, Aust.  
18th Station Chatter's Towers, Aust.



Memories are strange things. We have so many of them. Many good—some bad—  
We retain them all—Yet so few come back to us unless we are reminded by a written word, a friend or a landmark—  
—So many fine memories are stored away each day that can be recalled in later years by a simple word or two—













Commissioned Ist. Lieut. 29 April, 1942  
Reported for duty - Camp Edwards, Mass. -

14 May, 1942

San Francisco, Calif. - arrived 17 or 18 May, 1942

Left San Fran. Calif. on "SS Uruguay" 26 May, 1942

Arrived Auckland, New Zealand - 12 June, 1942

" Brisbane, Australia - 17 June, 1942

Left. " " - 21 June, 1942

Arrived Townsville, Queensland, Aust. June, 1942

" Charters Towers - 18th Sta. Hosp. -

12 & 13 June, 1942.

" Torrens Creek - detached service -

2 Aug. 1942

" Townsville, Q'Land, Aust - 27 Sept. 1942  
Surgeon's Office

1. Temporary duty - garbutt Field

Dispensary - 5th Bomber Command.

2. 435th Bomb. Sq. Townsville.

Arrived - 13th Sta. - Woodstock Q'Land Branch

~~19th Sta~~ 19 Nov. 1942

Arrived - 12th Sta. Townsville, Q'Land, Aust.

29 Dec. 1942.

Arrived Kangaroo Ammunition Special

anti-aircraft Unit - 18 May 1943. - Same

1. Transferred to Kangaroo Disp. TD " " <sup>area</sup>

From 12th Sta. Hosp. " "

2. " TO Base Sect. #2, Sub Disp " "

3. " to Base Disp. #2 Townsville,

Feb. 1944

" New Guinea.

Arrived Milne Bay, New Guinea -

18th Sta. Hosp. 4 May, 1944

(over)



Arrived Finchhafen, New Guinea, 4th Gen. Hosp  
(126th Sta. absorbed by 4th Gen.)

Left New Guinea, Feb. 11, 1945

stopped at Hollandia, New Guinea  
and Biak, Dutch East Indies en  
route.

Arrived Ist Field Hosp. Leyte, P.I. -  
19 Feb. 1945

Placed on detached service with  
121st Medical BN. Americal Division  
Feb. to March 1945

26 March, 1945 - Invasion of Cebu, P.I.

Wounded, at Cebu, P.I. 28 March, 1945

Transferred as patient to 105 Sta. Hosp.  
Leyte P.I.

" " " to 44th Gen. Hosp.

Evacuated to U.S.A.

11 May, 1945.

Arrived Letterman Gen. Hospital

San Francisco, Calif. 30 May, 1945

Left by Hosp. train 4 June, 1945

Arrived Halloran Gen. Hosp. N.Y. 9 June, 1945

Retired to inactive status 28 Sept. 1945

Terminal leave ended 19 Dec. 11, 1945

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Halloran Gen. Hosp. Feb. - March 1947



From Buzzards Bay, to Torrens Creek - 1942

Took physical examination at  
Bradley Field, Conn. Commissioned 1st.  
29 April, 1946. Unfortunately for  
me I was assigned to a unit  
that already had moved out  
to go overseas. When I arrived  
at Camp Edwards, Mass. on  
14th of May, 1942 I was given  
orders to Port of Embarkation,  
San Francisco, Calif. After a  
brief stop-over at home I took  
a train the next day to San Francisco,  
Calif. I left from Springfield,  
Mass. and changed at Chicago,  
Illinois. I met Chaplain Lyons,  
who was assigned to same unit.  
I roomed next to him and Chaplain  
MacKenzie at Army Hostels House,  
Fort Mason, San Francisco, Calif.  
After several days I embarked



on Army transport. The trip to  
new zealand took 17 days and  
was extremely unpleasant because  
of crowding, black outs, closed-up  
port holes, and lack of air. Also  
danger of attack. I received many  
inoculations at Fort Mason and  
on ship board which made me ill.  
Too many inoculations given in too  
short space of time. No sea sick-  
ness. I was glad to arrive at  
Auckland, New Zealand 12 June,  
1942. The two Champlain and I  
changed ships. No one to help  
us so we moved our own  
baggage from ship to ship.  
Conditions on this ship were a  
little better because it was not  
so crowded, but it proceeded  
to Australia unescorted except  
for one ~~plane~~<sup>plane</sup> old-fashioned  
bi-plane, which left us after  
a day or two. In five days more



we arrived at Brisbane, Australia  
(17 June, 1942) We were barracked  
in an old horse stable at  
Doomben Race Track. The Chow  
was terrible. Became ill because  
I did not know how to sterilize  
mess kit properly. I had no previous  
Army experience. I developed  
a gastro-enteritis and diarrhea  
Traveled with ~~Chapman~~<sup>Father</sup> Lyons,  
Lieut Fitzgerald (Boston) Lieut Hemphill  
by sleeper train, old-fashioned  
type to Townsville, Queensland  
at northern part of Australia.  
We took shuttle train to  
Charters Towers, Queensland  
Australia. We arrived at 18th Station  
Hospital, under <sup>Lt.</sup> Col. Fineberg.  
Lieut Hemphill went on to join  
the 87th Station Hospital at  
Sloncurry, Queensland. The  
Country in Queensland is dry, dusty



hot, with very little water except for two months when floods occur during rainy season. In Charters Towers we camped in a field. Conditions were bad in the line of quarters, food, washing facilities, etc. We staged for 4-6 weeks and did no work after traveling 11,000 miles to get here. The Hospital began to operate 6 weeks after my arrival.

In this unit there was a great deal of friction because of the mixture of gentile and Jewish officers. After the hospital did finally begin to operate <sup>Captain Chew LC HEW</sup> ~~Lieut~~ Fitzgerald and I were selected to form a small hospital unit at Torrens Creek, about 200 miles further into the Bush Country. Capt. Chew, who requested the job, was an C.O. Conditions at Torrens Creek were difficult because of the terrain and lack of experienced personnel. All of whom had to be trained. ~~at~~ The



country was dry, dusty and  
plagued by flies. Our 25 bed  
hospital was constantly filled  
with dysentery and fever cases.  
Our little hospital had the  
minimum of supplies and  
equipment. We had only 3  
lanterns for light. We lived  
rather primitively as we were  
in quite wild and isolated  
country. Our reason for being  
here was to serve as a hospital  
unit for the air dromes being  
built here. After 6 weeks of Torrens  
Creek I developed a diarrhea my-  
self and was transferred near the  
sea coast. I was assigned to the  
Surgeons Office, Base Section #2  
Townsville, Australia. The  
Surgeons office sent me to  
Muna dispensary at Herbert air-  
port.



Garbutt Airport and Vicinity - 1942  
Townsville, Northern Australia

Here I ran a dispensary servicing units too small to have their own medical officer. It also took care of transient officers and men who stopped off at the field. I was new to the Army but luckily for me I had 6 good men on detached service from a medical regiment. The corporal knew the "paper work" required and helped me immensely. I never was to get such good men later.

One source of trouble was the Transient Mess which was always in poor condition. The sergeant in charge always had the excuse that his mess had had a large transient group.

A short time later the dispensary was taken over by



the Headquarters Squadron, 5th  
Bomber Command, and enlisted men  
of this organization came over to  
work in the dispensary. I was still  
on detached service from Surgeon's  
office. I had a chance for  
rapid promotion but I did not  
~~know~~ <sup>know</sup> it, thinking I would  
eventually get back to Hospital  
work. Medical officers in Air Corps  
units usually were promoted  
faster and often were sent back  
to U.S.A. to take Flight Surgeon's  
Course. I was asked if I  
wanted to become a member of  
the Hq. Sq. Inasmuch as I did  
not know the advantages of  
being a member of Air Force units I  
declined. A short time later the  
Hq. Sq. received its own medical  
office and I was put on temporary



duty with the now famous  
435th Bomb Squadron. The Flight  
Surgeon of this Squadron was on  
duty in New Guinea with a small  
group of the Squadron. He was not  
popular with the unit because  
of his ways. I was not experienced  
as a Flight Surgeon and not  
equipped for this type of work. Most  
SERV cases I referred to 12th Sta. Hosp.  
The dentist had a "private" vehicle  
for social calls but even tho. I was  
supposed to check up on condition of  
men at the Hospital I had no  
vehicle except an occasional truck  
I could borrow from motor pool.  
Every morning the C.O. of the  
Squadron held a briefing. I also  
was expected to give a medical  
report on the health of the command.  
Being new to the Army, especially  
to Air Squadrons, the task for  
me was not an easy one. I  
went on several B-17 training



flights. Major Lewis was C.O.

I had him as a patient. This Squadron had moved out of Philippines and was quite battle worn. Many pilots and men had operational or combat fatigue. They "burned" the candle at both ends. Instead of resting they went out to have a good time. Food at 435th was best I had in Army up to that time. We even had milk on the table. I had to answer all types of questions almost continually. The outfit received orders to return to U.S.A. The Flight Surgeon returned and the idea was for me to stay on next few weeks, do all the work, while he took off on un-official leave to the flesh-pots of Sydney, Australia. I told C.O. my orders were to return to Surgeon's office



as soon as Flight Surgeon returned. I then spent the next two weeks in a pleasant botanical garden, a pool for unassigned officers.

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The next two weeks I spent in a tent at the old botanical gardens in Townsville, Australia. There was a camp there for unassigned troops. I spent the time going to the beach which was not too far distant. I also took a trip to Magnetic Island in the Day. Magnetic Island was large enough to have mountains and a milage. It is a sort of a vacation resort altho. There is nothing much there except a bathing beach.

The 13th Station Hospital had moved into Townsville area. I knew Capt. Bill



of the 13th. I met him on the  
boat going across. Inasmuch as the  
13th Station was short of medical  
officers I thought I would try to  
get in rather than take a charge  
as an assignment. Capt. Gill saw  
the C.O. of the 13th Station who  
asked the Surgeon General of  
the Base for me. After 2 weeks I  
was assigned to the 13th Station.

The 13th Station also had a  
branch at Woodstock, about 35  
miles inland from Townsville  
over rough roads. I was sent  
to work at the Convalescent  
Hospital at Woodstock. It  
was not bad there but  
very hot. The heat was a dry  
heat so I did not mind that.  
Temperatures ran to 110°-120°  
at times.



The Woodstock hospital expanded from about 40 beds to about 4000 beds in a short space of 3 weeks. The doctors worked 12 hours per ~~week~~ day at times.

There was a large air dome near by. The nurses had a small time because the air corps officers gave them a big rush. They had their pick of men. Rushed as we were a large recreation quarters had to be built so that nurses would have a place to entertain the blyers. In the mean time the ambulatory patients getting in to mess line had to stand out in the rain.

About the end of Dec. 29, 1942 I was suddenly transferred to the 12th Station Hospital in Townsville.



at 12th Station Hospital - 1943

The 12th Station was one long street of houses. The U.S. Army had taken over a whole street for the Hospital. We lived under overcrowded conditions in one house. About 30 officers lived in a 6 room house. Of course we utilized the porch for cots.

I was put to work on the "psycho" ward under Captain F. Captain F. was very lazy and domineering. As soon as I came on duty he had me do all the work and spent most of the time in his quarters or out on a date with his red cross girl.

The only relief from working was occasional trips to Brisbane Australia escorting patients. One such trip was made by train. Such a trip by train usually took 6 days including a day or two stay in Brisbane. The



Charge was welcome. Another trip, made by plane, did not turn out so well. I was in charge of 20 men + 5 officer patients. We were awakened at 4 a.m. + were at the airport at 5 a.m. The pilots did not show up and by 11 a.m. the patients were quarreling amongst themselves. Several of the patients were psychotic and one was a prisoner for whom I had been obliged to sign for. We took off after 11 a.m. + shortly afterwards the weather became bad. The pilots were jittery + became lost. Instead of going South we went South West. We made a "forced landing". I put the patients up over-night in a Country Hotel. Next day weather had cleared + we reached Brisbane S. A.

Back at the Hospital things were hectic. Besides the ward work there was much consultation work. The



consultation work should have been done by Mr. F., who was too lazy to do it. There were neurological examinations to be done, in which I had very little experience. I was still new to the Army, and did a ~~little~~ lot of things I did not have to do on order of Capt. F. Finally things improved for the better. The Chief of Medical Service was transferred to command a postal hospital (Combat) unit. He got out of it by getting himself admitted to a hospital (as a patient). Major Dahlgren the new Chief improved things by making Mr. F. do a little more work. The work on the NP service was so tough I hinted several times I wanted a medical ward. Finally I was sent on detached service at Kangaroo Ammunition dump, about 40 miles from Townsville. This was in April, 1943



Kangaroo Ammunition Depot - 1943-1944

I first ran a dispensary at Special Anti-aircraft detail. This unit was made of remnants of 208th Coast Artillery from New England area. I met several officers from Conn. & Hartford. My stay here was pleasant altho. there wasn't much medical work; mainly First aid. The food was good.

After about 6 weeks I was transferred up the road about 2 miles, in same area, to run a dispensary for a colored outfit. Capt. H. <sup>Hatcher</sup>, the C.O. did not like medical officers and he was hard to get along with. He was garrulous and ~~talkative~~ <sup>talkative</sup>. He had a habit of "telling everyone off" even inspecting Generals. His camp was always dirty. It was my duty to see that sanitation was improved but he wouldn't co-operate.



While at Anti-Croft detail my dispensary adopted a dog whom we named "Lady". She was to have 2 or 3 litters of pups while I was to know her. She was a source of trouble at times as she was half wild. After Capt. H's outfit left a new outfit moved in. The C.O. was not friendly to dogs ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> destroyed 20 out of 25. I gave "Lady" away for awhile but she came back after it was all over. The many dogs in Camp did attract a lot of fleas.

There were several outfits at Kangaroo while I was there: two colored and one white.

The job here was to store ammunition. The place was expanded while I was there.

They even built me a wooden Dispensary. I moved my quarters from a tent into the dispensary



The men I had working for me, two or three, at the most were never too good. Some were trouble makers. One was a pathological drunk. Once after almost wrecking the dispensary we had to court martial him. He got 6 mo. labor by the Court but was let off after 3 mo.

While I was still at Kerguelen the dispensary was made a sub dispensary (Sub. Disp D") of the main dispensary in Townsville. About Aug. 1943 I received my promotion to Captain on basis of being Sub. dispensary D Commanding Officer.

I had had a Leave to Sydney, going down by air plane. The leave was for 14 days. The first leave was while I was



working at 12th Station. It was quite a treat to get back to an area that was "civilized" and that had modern conveniences.

About Feb. of 1944 I was transferred to the Base Section #2 dispensary in Townsville

I had a pet possum, whom I named "Blossom" & later killed by dog. I tried to get her a tin can to a possum's element. It would follow me home

(cont. next page)



## Base Section #2 Dispensary - 1944

I now lived in a barracks and commuted about 2 miles to the Base Dispensary. Living in the Barracks was excellent, and we had a nice officers' club. The food was good also.

Work in the dispensary was rather monotonous. At times we also took trips out to boats in the Harbor. Some of the men we saw were merchant marine. Many calls were "gold bricks" One such person wanted me to say he was too ill for tropical service and had to go back to the States.

Dahgren

Major D. of New Hampshire and I met for the third time.

He became C.O. at Woodstock, at 12th Station, and finally at



Base Sect. # 2 this morning. He had been a Major for three years and missed being promoted. Even the base nurse chief who had been a Captain was now a Lt. Colonel.

Each time I met Major D. he seemed less pleasant. He seemed very good C.C. at Woodstock and 12th Station Hospital. At Base dispensary I think he let a regular Army warrant officer have his way too much. This individual kept the Base dispensary vehicle and it was impossible to get it late at night when we got a call to see a patient at dispensary. Once he was so drunk I couldn't awake him. I had to call the Base motor pool to get a vehicle.

To show how unfair the Army was the C.C. before Major Dahlgren had been promoted



to direct. Col. and he was a  
senile old fool. He ran around  
with women and did not follow  
regulations in running the  
Dispensary. Major D., who was a  
much better C.O., never was  
promoted here (He did become a  
Lt. Col. later in another area)

Col. Mitchell <sup>who</sup> had been  
Base surgeon was transferred.  
After he left I began to have  
tough luck.

I took 2 weeks' leave  
to Sydney. This was <sup>the</sup> second  
leave in about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  years.  
We were entitled to 30 days  
leave per year. After  
my return I learned I was  
to go with a Signal Corps



and bit through the ~~desert~~<sup>desert</sup> to  
Darwin. Living in the wilds  
for three years did not appeal  
to me. Out of over 2 years over  
seas I had only 3 mo. service  
in a Tann. The rest was in Bush  
Country. I felt some of the  
other officers who had never been  
out of Tann should go. I think  
the Warrent officer, who was an  
adjutant, had a lot to do with it.  
The new Base surgeon was  
firm when I asked for a better  
assignment. However orders  
come from Higher Head quarters  
in Sydney transferring me to  
18th Station Hospital, Milne  
Bay, New Guinea. I left by  
boat in April 1944. The trip  
on Liberty ship took 5 or more days.



I forgot to mention that when  
I left Kangaroo I had to  
leave my dog "Lady" behind.  
She later died.



Milne Bay, New Guinea - 1944  
(one of the rainiest places in the World)

I did not care to go back to the 18th Station Hospital for two reasons. It was now a neuro-psychiatric hospital, and it was made up too much of one racial group.

I found the 18th Station situated in what I would call a swamp; anyway it was located in a very damp place, under a coconut grove, near ~~the~~ a mountain. There was not much shade as it was the rainy season. It rained continually here for several months.

The work in the 18th Station was not pleasant. Most cases were supposed to be psychoneurosis, but it appeared we had mostly misfits, psychopaths, trouble-makers, malingerers, etc of all sorts. Most of them were determined to get back to



U.S.A. by hook or crook. Most of the cases were not real cases of combat fatigue. For the real cases we had sympathy. There was a thing called Occupational therapy. The men were set to doing various tasks <sup>or games</sup> which was calculated to improve their condition; however, most rebelled. There was continuous trouble when ward masters & nurses were failed to enforce a proceed with the ~~scheduled~~ ~~some~~ program. The nurses, although rated as officers, very often failed to give orders to enforce the discipline required. Occasionally there were ~~suicidal~~ suicidal attempts by the patients. Most of them were merely attempts to gain sympathy.



There was little actual opportunity for recreation except the bi-weekly movies. There were several actual suicides in the Base area because recreational opportunities were so poor and climatic conditions very bad and depressing. The diet was monotonous, mainly Australian rations. Australian rations were never as good as ours but were mainly "Bully beef."

I lived in a little tent with floor boards. At night rats ran about. We always slept under mosquito netting, as we also had in Northern Australia.

The personnel of the 18th Station had changed considerably since I was with the unit in 1942. All the nurses, except for one or two, had been changed. Many of the officers



were new. Some officers had had  
psychiatric experience, others had  
none. Some had applied for  
N.P. work just to get out of combat  
and field units.

About this time rotation  
policy to U.S.A. was instituted.  
Because most of the 18th  
officers had arrived overseas  
before I did they were ahead  
of me on rotation.

The C.O. of the 18th was  
Major J. (later Lt. Col.). He had  
come overseas as N.P. physician  
with that unit. He had been a  
Captain at that time (1942). He  
tried to be fair but we heard  
rumors of the unpleasant  
way he received his majority.  
Some claimed he "kneefed his



friends" in the back in order to get the majority. The story went, his own friends side-tracked an affair who was scheduled to be major.

During Sept. 1944 we moved to a more pleasant site near the Ocean (on the Bay). There was also cement floors in the wards. Here we lived in Thatched roof affairs which were cooler & more airy than tents. During this time of year more sunny weather occurred. I had opportunities to go swimming. I was in the water every off moment, and some remarked about the "jap" I had after being overseas.

The best friends I had were Capt. Malenash and his girlfriend,  
(Committed suicide when back in U.S.A.)



Lieut Ruth Biers. As for myself,  
There was so much competition  
for the nurses I did not bother  
with them. I had about two  
dates in a year. The nurses were  
mustered by the Army, the Navy  
& Merchant Marine. It was  
too much trouble for a  
medical officer to go on a date.

There was no place to go  
except some officers clubs.  
Usually these clubs were  
very private because of the  
scarcity of everything in the  
jungle area. Secondly, medical  
officers had no motor vehicles,  
and it was hard to get  
one. Thirdly, no dates were  
allowed unless the escort



carried a gun. Also dates had to  
be with another couple. The  
guys were to protect the nurses  
from attacks. In such wild  
country many people become  
sick. Negro troops, at times,  
stopped vehicles, to take away  
the nurses. There were several  
cases of rape at gun point. In  
most instances the negroes were  
found guilty and hung. On a  
date, the scout was expected to  
protect the nurse with his life.  
I did not think the nurses  
were worth the trouble. One  
officer was court-martialed  
because the nurse he was with  
was attacked at gun point. The  
court did not feel he had protected  
her sufficiently.



I did go to a nurses dance  
with another officer, and it was  
the only social recreation I had  
in New Guinea. After two such trips  
I did not feel it was worth while.  
The ~~may~~ majority of married men  
went "heavy" on dates, and had  
steady girl friends among the  
nurses and red cross girls. The  
girls did not seem to mind  
that the men were married.

About this time units  
were moving on. The 18th  
Sta. in name was absorbed  
by another Hospital and most  
of the officers were transferred  
to the 125th Station Hospital  
(NP). I was transferred to the  
126th Sta. in Finchofen.

The 126th was absorbed by the  
4th General Hospital located



near by. I went to Finckh  
by Hospital ship and it was a  
pleasant trip.



At 4th General Hospital  
Finchhafen, N.G. - 1944-1945

This turned out to be one of  
best assignments although it  
did not last too long, a few  
months. For a while again  
I worked on NP work. Later I  
worked on the dermatological  
service which I found interesting.  
I arrived in Finchhafen about  
Sept. 1944. By this time the  
weather was sunny and I  
went swimming quite often.

The 4th General was an  
affiliated unit from the  
Western Reserve Unit and  
attempts no ~~the~~ doubt were  
made to keep the unit as



much as possible. When requests were made for officers usually one of the newer members of the organization were chosen as to what the age. Some comparatively "old men" were transferred to field units while younger men were kept on at the 4th <sup>General Hospital</sup> just because they were originally part of the 4th General unit.

I went on a few bikes into the jungle mountains. but too for + too. as the heat was too exhausting. Besides seeing there were movies at frequent intervals



One of my former aid men  
at the Subships of Kangaroo  
Communication Depot was a  
part of the 4th General  
enlisted personnel. He was  
rotated to U.S.A. while I  
was still here.

The social situation was  
as bad here for some  
individuals as elsewhere.

The nurses & red cross  
girls were out every  
night. Some nurses were  
too tired to work the next  
day. One of my nurses  
failed to show up repeatedly.  
I finally called a supernumerary



for a nurse and she was surprised to find out there was no nurse on duty. Later this nurse became very spiteful.

About this time I had to do 24 or more lumbar punctures and I needed the aid of a nurse.

Most of our cases were Seborrheic dermatitis, eczematoid dermatitis, pyoderma, tropical ulcers & fungus infections.

For a long time I began to suspect I would be transferred. After about three months I suddenly



received orders to travel to  
Philippine Island. With  
prority too. Inasmuch as I  
had to leave my belongings  
behind I had to pack every  
thing and take only a small  
bag so I could travel by  
train. My orders said to  
carry firearms. after a great  
deal of red tape I secured  
a corbine and spent half of  
the night cleaning it.

Received help from black  
officer, who I later found out  
was a well known baseball  
player - see later pages  
Jackie Robinson



Across New Guinea to Bish - 1945

After leaving the 4th General  
I went to a staging area to  
wait for a plane. After a few  
days <sup>we</sup> were routed at 4 a.m.  
to go to the airport. In the  
Army it is always "hurry  
up and wait". After getting  
up at 4 a.m. we waited on the  
hot blazing dusty airport until  
noon when we were loaded  
on a cargo plane. We landed  
at Hollandia the same day.  
Hollandia is in the Dutch  
part of New Guinea. After a



few more days wait we  
flew to Biak. Here I  
remained 5 days. The other  
officer traveling with me  
with same orders as I  
was Capt. Shushman. We  
roomed in a tent. In a  
short time we received  
two other occupants, both  
colored officers. They were  
quite friendly and they  
cleaned our carbine rifles  
for us.

During one rainy night  
while at a post named



we received word we were  
to leave on hospital ship  
<sup>Philippine</sup>  
to the ~~Philippines~~. We

got to the boat in a  
terrific rain and there was  
no one to show us the way.

We had to climb up the side  
of a liberty ship and across to  
get to the hospital ship  
moored to its side. We  
were thoroughly soaked.

after all the work with the  
Corbine I had to turn it  
in to M. P. because no one  
is allowed to carry guns on  
a hospital ship. Capt Schulen



and I were assigned to a  
small stateroom, luxurious  
quarters compared to most  
Army <sup>accommodations</sup> ~~accommodations~~. The

~~Ship's~~ ship's medical crew  
was rather <sup>aloof</sup> aloof, but we

had a pleasant voyage  
to P.I. The food on ships  
was always better than  
rations on land. We  
reached the Philippines  
some time in Feb or March

1945



Staging Area in Leyte P.I. - 1945

After reaching Leyte I spent two weeks in the staging area in a very quiet place. We lived in tents located near, around and in part of a <sup>Philippine</sup> P hillipino village. The <sup>Philippine</sup> ~~Philippine~~ women collected laundry to wash, and it was a thriving business for them. The laundry always came back in neat little bundles. The P hillipino women were modest of themselves, but not of other people. They walked



in about the tent area  
and where men were  
taking showers. Perhaps  
they had no false modesty  
but that did not stop  
them from storing most  
army installations in a  
staging area were of a temporary  
nature and consisted largely  
of tent flaps, hardly waist  
high.

Eating was an ordeal.  
It was necessary to use  
a mess gear, stand in a  
chow line, and later stand  
in line to wash gear.



There were many  
released Prisoners of War  
in Camp waiting transportation  
back to U.S.A.

The Office at Staging area  
were under the impression  
the 1st Field Hospital  
was somewhere near Manila  
and were ready to send  
us There. We were located  
near Tacloban, Leyte, P.I.  
which was a base. We  
scouted around and learned  
1st Field was in same  
region. It might have  
been well for us to  
keep quiet and take the  
extra trip to Manila. O.F.







First Field Hospital - Leyte, P.I  
1945

This outfit turned out to be a clique. They welcomed us as replacements, but actually I had been overseas longer than most of the First Field Officers.

It was "dog eat dog" especially with an outfit like this. I knew it wouldn't be long before I would be transferred, perhaps to the infantry.

For awhile I was put to work on medical word of a neighboring Hospital. The First Field was staging. It had been thru some sort of a campaign or other and had the



opinion no one else had  
heard in the War but "it"!

On the ward most of the  
cases were Schistosomiasis!

Life as usual in the  
Army was monotonous,  
mixed with worry as to  
what was to happen to  
one next. There seemed  
no chance of being rotated  
to U.S.A. because there  
was too much dirty  
politics afoot.

The 125th Station Hospital  
was an N.P. unit about  
30 miles away. It was made  
" "



up of same officers and  
personnel as 18+L Station.

I made a couple of  
visits there and re-newed  
acquaintances.

I sort of "smelled a rat"  
and knew First Field would  
use me as a "replacement"  
when the Hospital received a  
request rather than its  
own men. I was quite tired  
of it all by this time.  
I had been used as a  
replacement, sent from station  
to station. I had seen  
men with a little more "pull."



he retained in safer jobs.  
most common trick was  
to get "sick" and get in  
as a hospital patient for  
a while. I saw many of these  
ailments were real and  
how many were fakes I  
do not know.

After about two weeks  
with the First Field I  
suddenly received orders  
to go on detached service  
with the medical Battalion  
of Americal Division.



I had been forced to leave  
most of my belongings  
behind and I was not  
prepared to go on an invasion.

I had to scavenge for  
dengarees because after  
trying to get things through  
ordinary channels I was  
unsuccessful. One excuse  
after another was given - about  
stuff being all packed and  
boxes nailed, etc.



I did find an old pair  
of discarded Cameralls.

It was necessary for all  
persons, officers and men,  
to look alike. The Japs  
had no respect for  
medical men and their  
snipers liked to pick  
off officers. I found the  
Cameralls lying on the  
ground. They were  
mauldy but after a



little sunshine were not  
too bad although patchy.

I never did get the proper  
type of field pack but  
used an old musette bag.

Capt Schulan was also  
assigned to Americal  
division. The Americal  
Division was in the  
same base and the  
men taken there in  
a truck.



Co. C and D. 121 Medical Bn. Americal  
Division  
March 1945

We were introduced to the medical Colonel of the Americal Division first. He looked at Capt Schuller, who was small and grey-haired, and said "looks like we have reached the bottom of the manpower barrel". They decided I was to go to Collecting Company (Co. C), which would be further forward in an attack. The other Company ran a Hospital.

We spent several days in Camp. and again were moved by means of trucks to the Harbor. We were packed on L.S.T. We watched the infantry boys pile into the



boats, and I felt sorry for them. Although our lot was bad their lot was ~~for~~ worse.

After several days living on LST's and not allowed to get off we shamed off in a Convoy of 50 boats. (as near as I can remember now).

The food on the L.S.T. was fairly good (food always seemed to be better on boats).

One infantry officer learned that he was to be rotated home. Inasmuch as we were already en route he had to continue



with the Convoy and invasion.

I learned later he was killed.

We went on maneuvers on some Islands off the South West Coast of Philippines.

We had a sort of dress rehearsal.

The front of the LST's would open and out would come the "alligators" carrying men to the shore. The assault boats would go next.

The LST's would then go near shore and larger units would leave.



During maneuvers one had  
suffered a compound fracture  
of femur when the iron ramp  
of an "alligator" fell on him  
while on shore. He was  
evacuated by seaplane, and  
I guess he was out of the  
war from then on.

One alligator ~~sunk~~ sunk  
in what was the deepest  
part of the ocean - probably  
the deepest part in the world.  
The men got off it and  
up the sides of the LST  
just in time.



At Sea and on The Invasion of  
Cebu. - March 26, 27, 28, 1945

The attacking convoy came into Cebu Harbor the morning of March 26, 1945. It was a bright and sunny morning. The Navy gave the shore a terrific bombardment. Smaller boats came close to shore and raked it with rockets. After about  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour of bombardment the assault troops went in. The area also had been bombed for two



weeks by our airplanes  
after the assault troops  
went in the LST's &  
other boats pulled out  
for several hours. We  
learned later that the  
first troops sustained  
only a few casualties from  
mines planted and  
hidden on shore. The  
japs pulled out,  
passed north & through  
Cebu City, and then into



The mountains. The civilian  
population had also  
evacuated the City. The  
Japs burned or destroyed  
what was left of the  
City.

After several hours  
our LST moved  
closer to shore again  
and we evacuated  
the boat on a  
duck. After a short  
period on shore the



medical Section marched  
in land toward Cebu City  
following the infantry troops.  
By the 27th of March the  
American troops were  
already in Cebu City.

Here and there groups  
of Japs were left  
behind. These would  
come out to make  
trouble behind the  
lines. I was not used



to hiking and by the  
first night I had  
blisters feet. Our  
medical unit slept in  
a Brewery. On the  
morning of March 28,

1945, we received  
transportation thru.

devastated Cebu City  
to the Northern Ants.

We set up in an old  
School Building back  
of the Capital.



The same morning I  
visited the Court House  
on the same street but  
a little farther North.

I saw the remains of  
two American flyers  
who had been burned  
alive. The infantry was  
only a  $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile  
ahead of us. The Japs  
had fortified the mountains  
and the infantry was  
now making slow



progress. The unit I was  
with was a Collecting  
Company. During the  
day I collected some  
Ambulatory patients and  
took them back to  
the Stone Church which  
was being used as a  
Hospital by the  
Hospital Company. I  
did not know I would  
be a patient there  
myself before the day



was over.

About 5 P.M. Capt. Layman,  
a medical officer from a Battalion  
Aid Station, a Medical Administrative  
Officer, a few medical aid men  
and myself went up the road  
about one-quarter mile to  
explore the area ahead. I  
was kind of skeptical about  
going, but went regardless.  
I do not recall the names  
of the men or officers with  
us except Captain Layman,  
who was C.O. of our Company.



Capt. L. was about 40 years old and had already been overseas 40 months. Some of the officers from our organization had already been up in the area ~~near~~ we were going to.

Near the Capital Building there was still considerable sniper, and that was why I was kind of reluctant to go that way. There was a Spanish type building near the roof near the Capital. We were interested in looking



this building over as it had  
been used as a Japanese Hospital.  
We thought we might be able  
to use it as a hospital our  
selves. The building was  
kind of partially demolished  
from bombs, etc. In the  
center was a large court  
yard with a bomb crater.  
In the bomb crater was  
another unexploded parachute  
bomb. This made me uneasy  
and I wanted to be away from

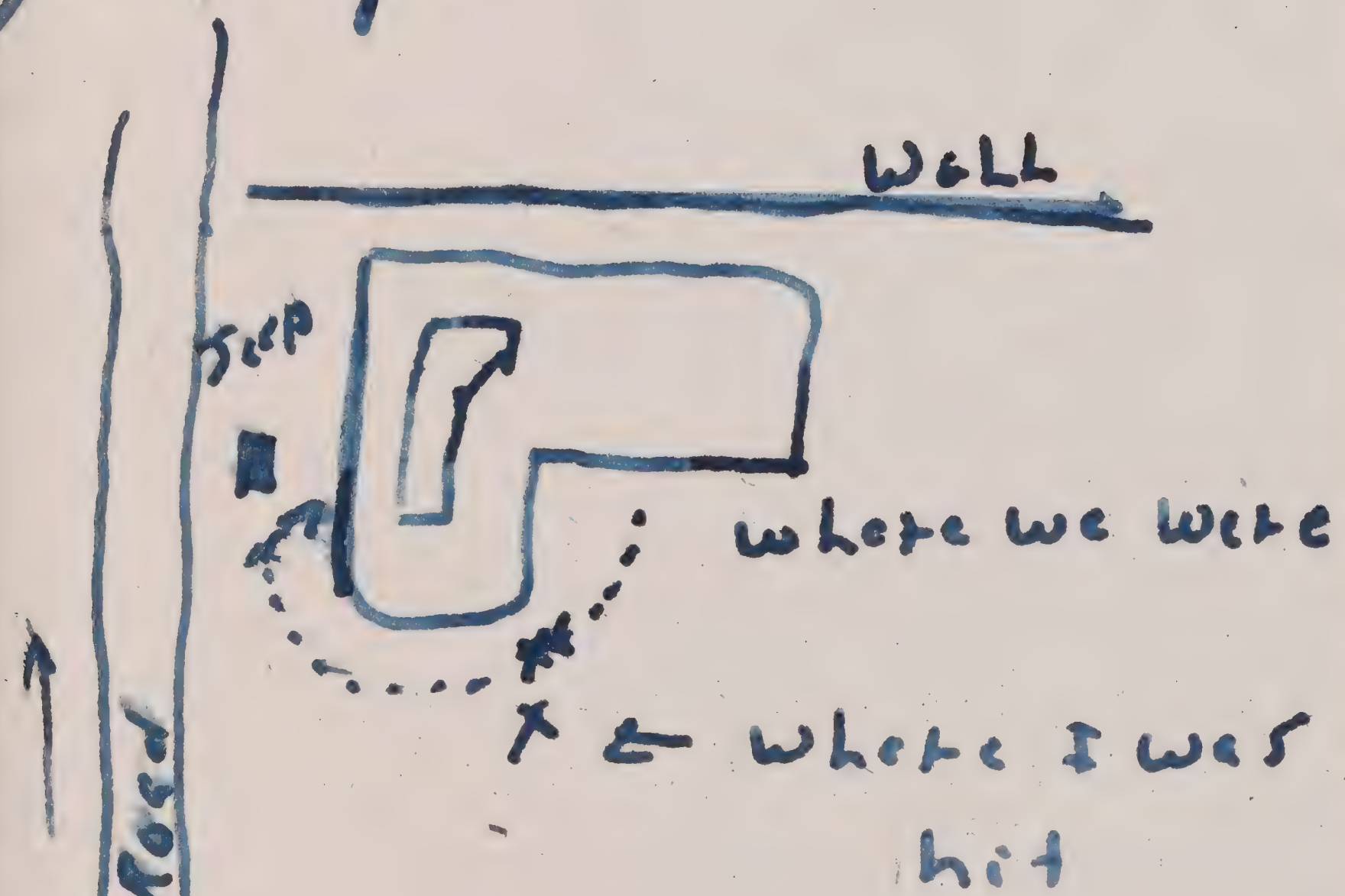


there as soon as possible.

If I had followed my own  
inclinations I would probably  
Not have been injured  
(but who knows I might  
have been wounded or killed  
later). We were close  
enough to hear the  
firing. We heard several  
very loud explosions near  
us, and I was kind of  
uneasy. Capt. L. Thought  
the explosions were our  
artillery firing at the Japs.



We went out into the court yard and looked around. We had come in a jeep which was on the other side of the building. ~~the~~ I moved back toward the other men in the group.



Capitol  
Building

Someone, I think it was the M.A.C., yelled for us to fall down & we did. A loud explosion was heard and we were spattered with dirt. We got up and ran several times in order to reach the Road.



on reaching the corner of the  
building we again hit the ground.  
This was the final mortar shell.  
The explosion blew a large piece  
of wood into my right thigh.  
I remained where I was a  
few moments. Capt. Layman  
had been hit by shrapnel in  
the back. The entire group  
disappeared with him, all  
except one man, whom I  
heard later was killed. I  
presume they crawled into  
an air raid shelter nearby.  
I did not notice the shelter



until later. After a few moments  
I dragged myself over to the  
other side of the building  
& put myself in a stone  
gutter in case any more  
shells came. I looked ~~after~~  
at my leg ~~th~~ there was  
quite a large hole there  
with a flap. I was not  
bleeding much. In a short  
time I yelled for the others  
and the M.G.C. came out.  
The He & the other men  
moved me to the jeep.  
They also moved Capt. Layman



There and he seemed in  
a ~~sto~~ daze or in a shock.  
We ~~do~~ were taken down  
the road, around a large  
newly formed shell hole,  
to an area. They looked  
at my leg there & gave  
me a hypo injection

I was wounded approxi-  
mately 6 P.M. on March 28, 1945.  
About 10 O'clock that evening a  
debridement of my leg was done  
& I had been given sodium  
pentothal intravenously.

The church was quite crowded  
and the priest had given me



the last rites "just in case"  
There had not been many  
Casualties on March 26 & 27  
because the Japs had retreated  
to the mountains. We learned  
later the mountains were well  
fortified. When our troops  
reached this area the Casualties  
began to come in in large  
numbers. By the time I  
had reached the Church  
Hospital the place was  
very crowded. I slept  
all night from the effects  
of the Sod. ~~pentothal~~ pentothal  
anesthesia and anesthetics.



The men were so busy that we were only given food when we could catch them going by. Most of us were not hungry anyway.

There were several sick or wounded Japs prisoners near by. Hearing so much about their treachery I did not want any of them near by.

On March 29 a plane flew over and strafed the church. A Jap could



hear the bullets entering the  
top of the church. I did not  
know what to do so  
rolled off on the floor. The  
movement to the floor  
did not make my leg  
feel any better.

9 Days on L.S.T. - 1945

About the third day I  
was moved to an L.S.T.  
The L.S.T. was full of the  
wounded, including Capt.  
Layman. Capt. Layman  
was later evacuated to Leyte



by seaplane. I was left  
behind with others to  
remain 6 days in the  
Harbor. I was so un-  
comfortable that I asked  
to be moved. I was  
moved to the front part  
of the LST. It was  
unbearably hot down in  
the hold. I was very  
~~and~~ uncomfortable and  
suffering was intense.  
Lying flat on one's back  
for 6 days hardly able to  
move was what caused the



suffering. It was intensely  
hot and to ~~also~~ make matters  
worse there was the constant  
loud firing of Naval guns  
over ~~our~~ heads. We expected  
to be attacked either by  
planes or by submarines.

Any movement of my  
body caused intense  
pain. Not much sedation  
was given because of the  
possibility of addiction.

I would sleep in naps  
during the day and then



I would be unable to  
sleep during the night.  
The nights were unbearably  
long. I had a terrific back-  
ache from lying in one position  
so long. I was constantly  
nauseated and unable to  
eat. After eating I would  
throw up the food. During  
this time it was thought  
I might also have  
jaundice. Everyone on  
the boat was over-  
worked. The Surgeon  
on the boat dressed my



leg-tried to help all he  
could. He helped me by  
mailing a letter air mail.

I learned later this letter  
arrived <sup>home</sup> before the announce-  
ment ~~before~~ of the War  
Department. War Department  
communications are so  
cold & terse that I am  
glad my letter arrived  
first and thus alleviate  
some anxiety of my  
parents.



An LST could not travel  
by itself in Combat waters  
and that is why we waited  
6 days for a Convoy. After  
the 6th day we moved  
to Leyte and in a few  
days we ~~was~~ were there.  
During this period I had  
to use a bed pad. I found  
this contraption almost  
impossible to use in  
a lying down position and  
as a result was terribly  
constipated for about 6



days + more. I had the same trouble later in Leyte when I was stronger.

The Hospital I was sent to was 116th Station. Leyte, P.I.

116th Station and 44th General Hospital  
Leyte - 1945 - APRIL

For a few days I was on a medical ward. Things improved immensely after I was transferred to the closed & screened surgical ward. On open ward there was a great deal of trouble from flies.



While at 116th Station  
a skin graft was done  
on the wounded ~~leg~~ leg under  
spinal anesthesia.

During this month there  
was more suffering. I  
couldn't move much  
and after the skin graft  
a Cast was put on the  
leg, and I had to  
lie still. I began to  
itch underneath the  
Cast and when solutions



were applied to the wound  
thru. a window in the  
cast the itching became  
worse because solution  
leaked under the cast.

Prior to the skin graft  
my wound was dressed  
daily and the  
procedures were  
painful. Sometimes  
manipulations were  
done causing more  
pain.



After a month at 116th  
Station I was transferred  
to the 44th General  
Hospital. By this time  
my cast had been removed  
and I walked a bit  
on crutches



44th General Hospital - Leyte, P. I.

May, 1945

I was on an open ward  
at 44th Gen. and I was  
terribly bothered by the heat  
and flies. The Canvas was  
skin protection from the  
tropical sun and there  
was no screening to  
keep flies out. I was  
still very weak and  
could only walk on  
crutches for short  
distances. The man in



help<sup>met</sup> to me was an  
Army Chaplain and he  
once took me to movies  
in a wheel chair.

It was a real treat  
to see a movie after  
so long.

After about 5 days I  
was put on the list  
for evacuation to U.S.A.

On the day I was  
taken to the ship

I was met at the dock



by Mauri I had  
met him at Hewlett Harbor,  
Long Island, in 1942. I had  
not seen him since. The  
day I saw him he had  
stopped at 116th Station  
looking for me and had  
made a long trip. He just  
about missed me but  
caught me at the  
boat. We were put  
on derricks and hauled  
up the side of the boat.  
We were in stretchers and



so were carried to our  
beds.



## Back Across the Pacific

The trip across the Pacific would have been pleasant were it not for the heedlessness of the Navy who ran the Army transport.

We suddenly began to have gun drills and abandon ship alarms. When the first one went off we thought we were really attacked. This could be excused, but not the paint chipping and hammering on the metal sides of the boat. It was annoy-



ing, but not as bother-  
some to me as to some  
neuro-psychiatric patients  
down below. I did not  
have much to say about  
it but there were many  
complaints from officers  
and men. The complaints  
were ignored by those  
in charge of the boat.  
Finally all the Army  
medical officers traveling  
on the boat wrote out



a petition requesting  
the noise he stopped  
on account of the patients.  
no change was made.  
the crew was doing the  
paint chipping at sea so  
that they would have  
more time off in Port.  
the boat was being  
chipped and re-painted.  
Outside of that and  
occasional submarine  
scares the trip was pleasant.



The food was very good  
and much better than  
any Army food I got  
aboard. About three  
nights a week we had  
movies. We made  
a zig-zag course across  
the Pacific. I believe  
we went near the  
Caroline Islands.

One night we sighted  
Guam.



After three weeks we  
saw the Golden Gate  
Bridge. It was a  
wonderful sight after  
three years and 6 days  
aboard. I landed at  
Letterman General Hospital  
May 30, 1945. I had my  
first bottle of milk in  
almost two years. The  
ship that brought us  
across was given orders



to sail immediately and  
had no time in Port except  
to ~~unload~~. unload passengers  
& Cargo.



Letterman General Hospital  
and Train Trip

This was the finest Army Hospital I had ever been in, and I wish I had gotten some "breaks" and an opportunity to work in such a Hospital. By this time I was able to walk about by use of a cane.

After 4 days I was put on a hospital train with a load of other patients and shipped to New York



Before leaving I had one  
free telephone call home  
through the auspices of  
red cross. I heard my  
mothers, sisters & fathers  
voice for the first time  
in many years. my  
sisters in 10-15 years &  
parents in 3 years. my  
father could talk only  
in a whisper as he  
had a "growth" in his  
throat.

We left San Francisco



in the early a.m and  
subsequently we missed  
the best part of the Rocky  
Mts - we passed + live.  
the <sup>mountains</sup> ~~country~~ at night.

All we seemed to see  
was flat country all  
the way across - nothing  
out-standing. I had  
expected a more scenic  
trip. Perhaps we  
missed the best  
parts at night.



At Halloran General

Hospital - June - Sept. 1945

I had assumed that the  
Halloran Hospital was right  
in N.Y.C. but it turned  
out to be on Staten Island,  
N.Y.

At first I was put on  
a rather noisy ward called  
"21 Club" (Ward 21) and later  
I was changed to a much  
better place in the main  
Surgical. This was a  
semi-private room.



After a few days my mother,  
my uncle & one brother  
came down. Also my sister  
Rose, who was visiting in the  
East and whom I had  
not seen for 10-15 years.

They had a difficult trip  
because they had to take  
a bus to Hartford, a train  
to N.Y.C., a subway to the  
ferry, the ferry boat to Staten  
Island, and another bus to  
the Hospital. A great deal



of travel time was  
consumed thereby.

I was unable to see  
my father right  
away because he was  
not strong enough to  
travel. He already  
had had a tracheotomy  
and had lost his  
voice.

I had numerous



visitors and I was glad.

After a faint a month

Dolly Cheney, H.S. classmate

a friend ~~from~~ drove me

home in her car. I was

my first trip home in over  
three years. I had a 3 day  
pass & returned after 3 days.

I seemed like I had never  
been away. After 4 days

home I returned to the  
hospital. The visit home



was kind of sad as  
my father had had  
tracheotomy done and  
had lost his voice

I remained at Holloman  
until September. <sup>1945</sup> I

went before a "Retiring  
Board" and was

"retired" to inactive

Status. About Sept

30, 1945, I went

home on terminal



Leave. During my  
terminal Leave I took  
a <sup>COURSE</sup> Cause in medicine  
at N.Y.U. Bellevue  
Hospital. The day  
I was supposed to  
start classes I learned  
that my "retirement"  
"did not stick" and  
so I was called back  
to Halloran Hospital



for one day. I had  
to cut classes for  
the first day. I  
was "retired" <sup>in</sup> <sup>an</sup> air  
but later I learned  
that the retirement  
was disapproved  
by Surgeon General's  
office.

My terminal leave  
ended Dec. 19, 1945-



And I reverted to  
inactive status.



Walter Reed Gen.  
Hospital

Feb. & March 1947

I appealed my retirement  
and disability and went  
to Walter Reed for a  
period of 6 weeks. I  
went as a civilian.  
The army routine  
hadn't changed. I  
had expected to stay  
only 2 weeks and it



turned out I stayed  
6 weeks. Several months  
later I learned I was  
"retired" on disability  
and this time it went  
through.







# Impressions of Northern Australia

This part of Australia is hot, dry, and with sparse vegetation. The farther inland one goes the worse it gets. There are no lakes, permanent streams or rivers such as in U.S.A. The <sup>soil</sup> soil is dry & sandy. Small scrub trees grow covering hundreds of miles. The trees are far apart with so-called "saw grass" growing



in many large areas.  
The saw grass is not  
fit for cattle. There  
are some mountains  
near the coast and  
the country is more  
fertile in this area.

Sugar cane is one of  
the products.

The heat is terrific  
but it is dry. One  
often does not mind  
it as much as the



muggy or humid heat  
experienced in the wetter  
areas. There is practically  
no rains for many months  
and the streams dry up.  
For three months there  
are terrific thunder  
storms which last much  
longer than U.S.A. The  
streams then become  
swollen and impassable.  
After about 3 months  
of rain there is very



little rain for the  
rest of the year.

In the interior the  
Country is hot, dry  
& dusty. All types of  
insects abound. The  
worst are the flies  
which ride on one's  
back by the thousands.  
The flies are vicious  
and like to bite the  
corner of the eyelids.  
Some have they seem



to know when one's  
hands are busy carrying  
bundles as that is when  
they bite the most.  
The young children often  
develop a dislike of  
the eyelids because  
they do not brush  
the flies away.

The Northern County  
is very provincial  
and "old fashioned"



The railroads are few  
and narrow gauge.

There are no moderate  
sanitary facilities or  
restaurants. The telephones  
are the old-fashioned  
crank type. Homes were  
built off the ground on  
poles but no cellars.

The poles usually had a  
lattice work and made  
sort of a sub cellar.

Southern Australia



is more modern  
and up to date.

Sydney is as modern  
as any city in the  
U.S.A. Sydney, also, ~~is~~<sup>is</sup>  
pretty being built around  
a large harbor. Southern  
Australia is more modern  
and better developed than  
other parts.



Aug. 1947

notification received from  
Adj. general department  
for award of Combat medal  
badge and Victory medal.

Date of Award March

20, 1945. Notification

received by Halloran

Gen 1st corp. Sept. 24, 1945

but not forwarded



# Impressions of New Guinea.

## Milne Bay

Milne Bay is a large bay between two mountain ranges projecting into the Ocean. This probably is why it is one of the wettest places in the world. During the rainy season it rained almost continually. Sometimes downpours would last weeks without let up. Vegetation grew profusely. I understand



that if a clearing is  
made it would become  
overgrown in a very  
short time. The constant  
rain created much mud.

The army built Roads  
and during the few  
periods the sun would  
shine the mud would  
become dust. When  
the sun tried to shine  
white vapor or fog  
would hang about like  
the vapor of a hot



steam bath. The climate  
was hot, humid. At  
times it was an effort  
to move. During the  
drier part of the year  
the place would be  
quite pretty but wild.  
After Africa parts of  
New Guinea are the  
most primitive and  
wild in the world.  
There are no cities  
in New Guinea as  
we see them here. There



are a few jungle Towns  
like Port Moresby.

Still some of the  
soldiers would get  
silly letters from home  
such as "if you don't  
get enough to eat

be sure to go to the  
<sup>restaurant</sup>  
drug store and buy  
something" I don't  
believe there is a  
drug store on the whole  
island altho. it is



About 2,000 miles long  
and 100 - 200 miles wide

Most of the interior  
of New Guinea has not  
as yet been explored.

Cannibalism used to  
flourish in New Guinea  
at one time. Most

Army installations were  
on the sea coast and

one rarely penetrated  
more than a mile or two  
from the sea coast



The natives were not  
alarmed in Army posts  
except when working  
or doing jobs of repair.  
Most natives were  
short & small. They  
dyed their hair to a  
reddish color. A large  
portion of the native  
population was  
diseased. Malaria  
was very prevalent.  
The sea water



was warm. There  
were sharks in water  
of this type.







# Impressions of Philippine Islands

The Philippine Islands  
such as Leyte & Cebu.  
is less mild than  
New Guinea but still  
"rough country" as  
compared to U.S.A. There  
are cities & towns in  
P.I. but the smaller  
towns are dirty and  
dilapidated. The people  
are civilized and  
many speak English.  
The people are small



and with alive  
skins. Most men wore  
shorts and a shirt.  
Most women wore  
a dress. Both when  
bare-footed.

Most roads I saw  
were dirt, but there  
are paved roads in  
cities like Manila  
and Cebu City. I  
saw Cebu City and  
the streets of the



City proper were paved  
or tarred. The buildings  
are on a Spanish style  
following the Spanish  
influence. There are  
still many Spaniards  
and descendants in  
the Islands.

I never saw the  
Southern Island of  
Mindoro, but it  
has morish or  
Mohammedan people  
Mohammedan







# AUTOGRAPHS



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A. J. Mayes, M.D.



